

TO

Francis Bindon, Esq;

On a PICTURE of *His Grace*

Dr. *HUGH BOULTER,*

LORD ARCH-BISHOP of *ARMAGH,*

Set up in the Work-house, near DUBLIN, in Commemoration
of his Charities in the Years 1739-40 and 1740-41.

By T. H. D, *Esq;*

Ἄγνιν ἐπιχειρῶσι οἱ μὲν καλοὶ καὶ ἀγαθοὶ ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ καὶ ἀγαθὰ.

Xenoph. Cyrus.

L O N D O N:

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Abell
1910 March 8

A P O L O G Y.

M A N Y melancholy relations having been lately given us in the public papers of accidents, which have happened this last frost, fimilar to those related in the following poem, the author has been threatened, by an old acquaintance, with a design of printing it from an imperfect copy, lent him so long ago as in the year 1742. And as he has too much reason to fear him in earnest, he has no means left of letting it go into public with any correctness, but by sending his own copy to the printer. The time shews it to have been wrote at a very immature age ; he not having been quite nineteen years old which is an apology still subsisting for its faults. It is a poem founded upon facts. A like cir-

A P O L O G Y.

cumstance of the frozen ship happened at the same time at *Dover*, and a like scene of death, this last frost, in a cottage in *Wales*.

Mr. BINDON's picture represents His Grace at the altar, with Objects of compassion round him. A Cherub holds up a curtain over his head.

T O

Francis Bindon, Esq;

YOUR pencil, *Bindon*, plays the master's part ;
It proves your genius, whilst it shews your art.

Some Angel, guardian of the purest thought,
Sure! to your mind the pleasing image brought ;
Whilst fix'd on heav'n, your soul its works admir'd,
And fill'd with heav'nly love, to praise aspir'd.
'Twas surely so ; and this your pencil says,
Which bids a Cherub envy's curtain raise,
And shew to Man a copy of his Heav'n,
By this your imitating genius giv'n.

Crouds throng around of interested Saints,
An Angel dictates, and a *Bindon* paints,

B



Clear on his front calm patience, open truth,
 Wisdom for age, instruction's grace for youth
 In one expressive energy combine,
 And strike to view the countenance divine.
 Around him widows with their infants kneel,
 And all alike his beaming aspect feel.
 Here poverty and hunger by its side,
 We see ask pity, and see satisfy'd.
 Each part is just, his mitre, open hand,
 His lawn, the altar, where he's used to stand.
 Majestic tall! and venerable hairs!
 When worn in virtue, ornament of years!
 The whole is to a clear expression wrought:
 Each limb has order, and each eye has thought.

'Tis greatly done! their thanks the Public speak,
 And love the Painter for the picture's sake:

Which now, as Heav'n demands the copy lent,
 Nor Man can bid the Will-divine repent,
 Is made still dearer to affliction's breast,
 As emblem of the virtues life exprest :
 So the lone widow to her infant turns,
 And in the child the father's image mourns.
 'Time's gentle hand, as o'er the figur'd mass
 The years their animating praise shall pass,
 Will to a warmer life the colours blend,
 And to posterity the work commend :
 So *Homer's*, so *Musæus'* antient page,
 Sweet in themselves, are sweeter from their age,

But could I bid you leap the artist's bound,
 And spread your canvass like th' horizon round,
 Say farther view than what the eye commands,
 And like *Briareus* give an hundred hands ;

I would the prospect of his bounties shew,
Not raise your fame, but pay his deeds their due.

O'er the froz'd North, I'd stretch a sheet of snow,
No native green should chear, no berry blow ;
Depending clouds and fogs condens'd should lie
O'er the white surface, and obscure the sky.
No orbs of night should grace the neighbouring pole,
The orb of day a ball of sulphur roll.
Here the rude floods, as from their steeps they fall,
Caught in their course, should stand an icy wall,
And, further, on their glassy bosoms feel
The waggon's weight, and wear the tractless wheel.
The towns, whose situations † far divide
Their tongues and manners, 'cross the dang'rous tide,

† There are parts or openings of rivers in *Ireland*, called Loughs, of great extent; one, nine miles across.

In vent'rous intercourse and traffic strange,
 Should now their necessary aids exchange.
 The wing'd-heel Scater on the surface flie,
 The Learner scarce the slipp'ry plain should try,
 The sad disasters of the Croud be shewn,
 The fall, the death-struck blow, and fractur'd bone.
 The Miller, in his garb of sully'd flour,
 Opposing entrance, fill his half-shut door,
 In seeming arguments and sad descants,
 Wailing his own distress, and Neighbours wants :
 The fountain-springs now stop'd, which us'd to fill
 The current veins, the wheel of life stands still.
 The hungry Corm'rant on his faithless pond,
 Fetter'd in ice, be to a statue ston'd ;
 Pinion'd by cold, Air's jocund Chorists lie
 Couch'd on the ground, or reach their springs and die ;
 The Stag invite the Hound ; the tim'rous Hare
 Seek the smoak'd cottage and implore the spear.

Lost in a fleeting mist, the Trav'ler's sense,
 Mock'd of his way, should stand in dead suspense;
 Bent to the whirlwind's drift, the Hors'd-man fast
 So-journey on, life's stage already past.
 The woolly Flock plunge in the treach'rous snow;
 The bellowing Ox for food his pastures blow;
 And Man, athirst, scarce lift the ax to cleave
 A moist subsistence from the harden'd wave,
 Or force with prongs of steel the marbled ground,
 In search of roots, and ev'n those roots unsound.
 Hence naked Want and Famine lean should spring,
 And pale Disease spread wide her putrid wing,
 The Fever hence, attended by Despair,
 Its blood-shot eyes should, fix'd on Pity, glare.
 Here the sick Mother fall, and at her breast
 The famish'd Infant cling, and drink the pest.

Nor should the rustic Hinds alone regret
 The miser frost and bankrupt season's debt ;
 In cities throng'd should wand'ring Crouds be seen
 Fainting with hunger, and with sickness green ;
 In yards of burial † rows of coffins lie,
 Fill'd with their dead, implorers to the skie :
 Earth, grown unkind, refuses to receive
 Her clayey Children in her peaceful grave.
 In distant scene, the loom should idle stand,
 As fix'd on high the spire's snow-clotted hand ;
 The heated iron on the anvil flie,
 Flitter, and on the floor in sparkles die ;
 The brawny Vulcan in surprize should stare,
 At his almighty fire subdued by air.

† The ground as so frozen, that for many weeks it could not be dug for
 common burial.

The Tradesman hence,
 Who once, with cheerful labour on his brow,
 Did to his home a daily wealth bestow,
 Each morn his task unfinish'd he begun,
 And met, each eve, Love wait his sure return ;
 Now each bright ornament of service fold,
 Ev'n stript of garments to oppose the cold,
 Rent and pierced-thro' with importuning moan,
 From weeping Wife, from his lov'd Children flown,
 Should here a beggar stand ; shame, sorrow, need
 Sit on his face and in his silence plead ;
 And here, at last should find, in child-bed left,
 His Wife, through want of food, of life bereft.
 Wild in his grief, his arm should raise her head,
 And, vain ! present the charitable bread ;
 The Infant, there, lie smother'd by her side,
 Which the lone Mother kiss'd, and o'er it died.

Nor Sickness, only on the Poor to prey,
 Should through their meaner habitations stray ;
 Contagion, like the screaming bird of Night,
 Perch'd on the Palace dome's resplendent height,
 Should thro' its column'd courts in order lead
 The sable fun'ral of their stately Dead ;
 Th' attending tapers through the shade should gleam,
 And real sorrows from the Mourners stream.
 Here Crouds should seem a * *Wainwright* to deplore,
 Here mourn a † *Rogerson* and there a ‡ *Gore*.
 Nor less, O Shade ! do you deserve a tear,
 Few know to pay ; best known, where most dear !
 Snatch'd in your beauty's prime !—But cease the flows
 Of private grief, where sorrow gen'ral grows.

* Baron of the Exchequer. † Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
 ‡ Lady *Gore*, with many others of great distinction, who all died of fevers
 in the common calamity.

Prelates and Peers, through furrow'd lanes of snow,
 Ask public alms to aid the public woe :
 They, whose free purses served Mankind before,
 Man's wants increas'd, turn beggars for the Poor*.
 Each Noble's table, once a sumptuous feast,
 Which rich variety and splendour graced,
 With all luxuriant meats of pride and cost,
 In which their fruitful Country once did boast,
 In bounties better multiplied, affords
 A frugal banquet to their sparing Lords.

O Charity ! best image shewn of heav'n !
 Where for one penny lent a talent's giv'n.
 Thou arm of God ! which Nature's gifts bestows,
 And whilst it largest gives, the richer grows.

‡ The Lords *Blessington*, *Tullamore*, and several of the Nobility and Bishops,
 publicly walked the streets to raise contributions for the distressed Citizens.
 And most of the Nobility and Gentry left off their second courses, to lighten
 the extravagant prices of the Markets, and threw the usual costs thereof into
 the fund of their charities.

O! may you e'er increase the rich Man's store,
 And still flow-down a treasure to the Poor.
 Howe'er by fortune crost, with wealth unblest,
 To me, be Guardian of my willing breast;
 That, though from me the Poor no boon receive,
 I still may feel the joy in will to give.

Nor foreign to the piece would † *Dangan's* flame
 Raise adverse horror from the sad extream.
Gay Dangan! Wesley's hospitable feat!
 Where ev'ry Merit sure reception met!
 With ev'ry ornament of Taste improv'd!
 Lamented now, as for its Master lov'd!
 High in the piece her fiery head should rise,
 Spreading wide sheets of flame mid way the skies.

* A beautiful feat then belonging to *Richard Wellesley*, Esq; now earl of *Mornington*, was at this time totally burnt, the ponds and adjacent waters being frozen.

Through the wet mist the blaze should red appear,
 And tinge the regions of the highest air ;
 Then far, below, should o'er the frosted white
 Shed a broad gleam in circling rays of light.
 The gather'd Croud around the flame should wait,
 Like Mourners at the pile, and wail its fate.
 Some, all confus'd, a wild of thought express,
 Others stand calm'd, yet senseless to redress.
 Here the old Servant view with swelling eyes,
 Where each rich piece of costly splendour lies,
 The tyrant rage ; a statue, there a bust,
 Half wrapt in flame, part here already dust.
 Sad spectacle ! what can they do ? Though nigh
 Around, lakes, streams, and ponds commanded lie,
 Those treach'rous servants to all help were froze ;
 Nor now for once were flame and water foes :
 A close conspiracy hard Nature lays,
 And fierce Destruction unresisted preys.

Thus the brave Man, beset with ills, depends
 On false Conspirators, he deem'd his Friends ;
 Thus falls lamented, in his ruins great :
 So *Cato* perish'd, and so sinks a State.

The Sailor, beaten by th' inclement skie,
 His rudder froze, lab'ring to port should plie ;
 The ropes within their pullies clog'd should stand,
 Nor run in office to his gripeless hand :
 Yet, thro' kind Providence by pitying gales,
 The Wind to port should set his stiffen'd sails,
 Candied in frost, the ropes all glist'ring bright :
 At once a beauteous and a piteous sight !
 Down from the yards the coral'd ice should grow,
 The deck and sides a rock of crystal'd snow.
 The Pilot at the helm, congeal'd by cold,
 Erect in death, should still the rudder hold.

Others, yet dead in part, with feeble pow'r,
Make signs for help to Crouds agast on shore.

Thus Nature should in woeful horrors stand,
Like the sack'd City of some conquer'd Land ;
Where mighty structures in wide ruins hang,
Whose wars and praise its once-fam'd Poets sang,
Tablets and gilded beams with rot debased,
And pictures of its conquests half defaced ;
Whose sad remains, pity'd in fallen state,
Now only serve to shew, it once was great.

These scenes of woe should in perspective lie ;
The heart in sorrow only bring them nigh :
Then to full view should God-like *Boulter* stand,
Wide scattering round* whole harvests from his hand.
Pity for woes, and care in sorrows freed,
Should on his visage watch, whilst Thousands feed.

* There were almost all the hard seasons upwards of 4000 poor persons fed every day at the work-house, or given victuals to, according to the number of their sick at home : Which great charity was at first set on foot by

The Croud a thousand transports should express ;
 Some kneel in prayer ; some lift their hands to bless ;
 The Blind his guided arms towards him raise,
 As to a somewhat great his mind would praise ;
 The Cripple strive to kneel and scarcely bend,
 Smile in his pain and in his eyes commend ;
 A thousand passions shew each various sense,
 And speak a praise in silent eloquence ;
 Health's ruddier cheeks with gratitude should glow,
 The Virgin's tenderness in tears o'erflow ;
 Amidst the Throng the holy Priests appear,
 And, studious, labour in the pious care.
 So their great Pastor in the desert spread
 His bounty, and the hunger'd Nations fed :

by the bounty of the Lord Primate, computed to cost his Grace 50*l.* per day ; and with the greatness exactness this large charity was executed ; the clergy of the City by turns inspecting over the Servants of the House, that each particular object might be properly relieved. And though there was sufficient corn in the Country, the Farmers would not bring it into the Markets ; whereupon his Grace, and some Merchants of the City, sent abroad for wheat, and sold it to the Public at quit-charge.

'The glad Disciples his command observed,
And thro' the Multitude the banquet served.

Brought into prospect, there, the ships, that stood
Bound in the rocky prison of the flood,
Drag'd thro' the ice, should break into the Main ;
Here, bring to shore the long despair'd-of grain.
The yellow wheat like drops of gold should shine ;
And pleas'd Spectators hail the precious mine ;
The joyful Porter leap beneath his load ;
And Sages, turn'd to Heav'n, adore their God.

Spring's gentler hand, the Winter's weight to ease,
Should now his arm from Earth's hurt bosom raise ;
He, awed by beauty, seem to give her place,
Dividing Time, yet filling up the space.
New scenes of new distress—not long to last,
Should shew the greater horrors of the past.

The snows, now runing from each pendant shore,
 Rise into floods and into torrents pour ;
 The Steer and plough together spread the flood ;
 The loaded flood appear a floating wood ;
 The bolder Bull, upon his plains rever'd,
 Sprung on the stream, should lead the swimming Herd,
 To make the distant hills ; thick by his side
 The feebler flocks should fill the deadly tide.
 Now the bared fields a gasty scene disclose
 Of Herds and Herdsmen, Flocks and Trav'lers froze ;
 Who, lost in pathless snows and sunk in death,
 Seem still in various attitudes to breathe ;
 Like monumental statues of the fate,
 They and their Race once felt in Nature's state !
 Deep in a valley sunk, a cottage low,
 Hedg'd in a gather'd heap of drifted snow,

Befet by Nature, and cut off from aid,
 And now too late by human help display'd,
 Should lie. Here Father, Mother, Son around
 Crippled in death, should strew their household ground ;
 The virgin Daughter, with erected hair
 Agast, and on her cheek the frozen tear,
 Strove, all her cure, their icy roots to raise
 O'er the green wood, which still refus'd the blaze,
 To feed their quiv'ring lips ; the cauldron cleav'd
 Hard to its parent Earth ; she weakly heav'd
 To loose its hold ; at length, herself o'ercome,
 Be in her struggles fasten'd on her doom ;
 Compleating death in the domestic tomb !

Now, as the eye slow travell'd o'er the whole,
 The scenes, that melt the frost, should warm the soul ;

The Peasant's Family, return'd with spoils
 Of Charity, begin their rustic toils ;
 Plenty should now regain her fav'rite Isle,
 And ev'ry Dwelling hospitably smile.
 Now Health restor'd should lead the grateful Swains,
 And *Boulter's* praise be triumph'd round the plains.

But ah ! whilst ignorant the Poet shews
 His fancy, he his judgment must expose.
 When to a sun-shine your bright colours blaze,
 As well we may expect to feel the rays,
 Or hear the cannon by your Hero roar,
 Or drink the riv'let from the urn you pour,
 Or, when you Cloe shew in naked charms,
 Raise her to love, and feel her in our arms ;

As in so short a field a world to give,
And bid whole Nature not a picture live.
Yet pardon grant, if by your art inspir'd,
My hopes, with forward emulation fir'd,
Strove to exceed thy skill, and higher raise
That worth on fame, you shew'd it how to praise.

F I N I S.